



John Muir Correspondence (PDFs)

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1895-09-24

## Letter from Cora Cressey Crow to John Muir, 1895 Sep 24.

Cora Cressey Crow

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8 Apr 24 9:15 [13]

El Rancho de Cuervo  
Crow's Landing.

527  
 ravatings of this little book come to us  
 in the form of a fearful Nemesis, when  
 I find how very substantial your  
 fudding is. For you see, although I  
 but shut the string a moment since,  
 I could no more resist - peeping into  
 a new book, than to glance at a  
 mirror, seeing - which is a  
 wretched comparison but - I am  
 overwhelmed by the downfall of my  
 own vain glories and loathly  
 crosses to be eating a piece of very  
 humble pie -

Many, many thanks for my little  
 Rab, so beautifully prefaced,  
 by a subtle gesture, which vividly  
 recalls our charming apartment  
 in the meadow of blue, where  
 even now, in fancy I see their  
 little faces peeping up out of  
 the snow, wonderingly -

My dear Mr. Muir - What an awful, awful  
 awful thing to see one self - slide over -  
 thrown, dived - and I alas! am even  
 now in that pitiable state - I caught -  
 with what painful meaning do the  
 words come to me -  
 "Boys flying kites, sent in their white-  
 winged birds  
 You can't do that pray when you're  
 flying words" - Oh! for the power  
 to call back that fatal missile, that  
 is even now speeding toward you with a  
 fearful rapidity - After all my asser-  
 tions here is dear Rab really with me  
 and the only miserable because that  
 can be puttered forth, for so maligning  
 him, is found in your John Brown  
 Preface when he says, "empty praise,  
 without the solid fudding is, proverb-  
 ially a thing of naught" - say your  
 02028



Surely you have lived sufficiently long in this world-  
ly world of ours (and it doesn't take such a long  
time either) to learn what an insatiable thing is  
human nature - why didn't you write in my book?

Eriogonum is now a familiar name in our midst,  
so I was doubly glad to meet another of its mem-  
bers from the Arctic shores and shall share  
the remembrance with my sister.

"Nothing so weary as a twice-told tale" so I will  
not reiterate my thanks but show a thorough  
appreciation by being myself hammock-bound

and spending a delightful after, noon, after my own  
heart, with Rah and his friends -

With kindest remembrances - I am

Most cordially yours

Louise Casey Conn.

September twenty-fourth.

Twenty-five.